A Health to all Good-Fellowes:

OR,

The good Companions Arithmaticke.

To the tune of, *To drive the cold Winter away.*

BE merry my hearts, and call for your quarts,
and let no liquor be lacking,
We have gold in store, we purpose to roare,
untill we let care a packing.
Then Hostis make haste, and let no time waste,
let every man have his due,
To save shoes and trouble, bring in the pots double
for he that made one, made two.

Ile drinke up my drinke, and speak what I thinke,
strong drinke will make us speake truely,
We cannot be termed, all drunkards confirmed,
so long as we are not unruly,
Wee'le drinke and be civill, intending no evill,
if none be offended at me,
As I did before, so Ile adde one more,
and he that made two, made three.

The greedy Curmudgin, sits all the day snudging,
at home with browne bread and small beare,
To Coffer up wealth, he starveth himselfe,
scarce eats a good meale in a yeare,
But Ile not do so, how ere the world go,
so long as I have money in store,
I scorne for to faile, go fill us more Ale,
for he that made three, made foure.

Why sit you thus sadly, because I call madly,
I meane not to leave in the lurch,
My reckoning Ile pay, ere I go away,
else hang me as high as a Church,
Perhaps you will say, this is not the way,
they must pine that in this world will thrive,
No matter for that, wee'le laugh and be fat,
for he that made foure, made five.

To those my good friends, my love so extends,
I cannot truely expresse it:
When with you I meet, your words are so sweet,
I am unwilling to misse it,
I hate all base slaves, that their money saves,
and all those that use base tricks,
For with jobiall blades, I'm as merry as the maids
and he that made five, made six.

Then drinke about round, till sorrow be drownd,
and let us sing hey downe a derry,
I cannot endure, to sit thus demure,
for hether I came to be merry:
Then plucke up a good heart, before we depart,
with my Hostesse we will make even,
For I am set a madding, and still will be adding,
for he that made six, made seven.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.

SAd mellancholly will bring us to folly,
and this is deaths principall magent,
But this course I will take, it never shall make,
me looke otherwise then an agent,
And in more content, my time shall be spent,
and Ile pay every man his right,
Then Hostesse go fill, and stand not so still,
for he that made seven, made eight.

At home I confesse, with my wife honest Besse,
I practise, good husbandry well,
I followed my calling, to keepe me from falling,
my neighbours about me that dwell,
Will praise me at large, for maintaining my charge
but when I to drinking incline,
I scorne for to shrinke, go fetch us more drinke,
for he that made eight, made nine.

Then while we are here, wee'le drinke Ale & Beer,
and freely our money wee'le spend,
Let no man take care, for paying his share,
if need be Ile pay for my friend,
Then Hostesse make haste, and let no time waste,
you're welcome all kind Gentlemen:
Never feare to carowse, while there is beere in the
for he that made nine, made ten. (house,

Then Hostesse be quicker, and bring us more liquor
and let no attendance be missing,
I cannot content me, to see the pot empty,
a full cup is well worth the kissing,
Then Hostesse go fetch us some, for till you do come
we are of all joyes bereaven,
You know what I meane, make haste come again,
for he that made ten, made eleven.

With merry sollaces, quite voyd of all malice,
with honest good fellowes that's here,
No cursing nor swearing, no staring nor tearing,
amongst us do see me to appeare,
When we have spent all, to labour we fall,
for a living wee'le dig or wee'le delve.
Determin'd to be, both bounteous and free,
he that made eleven, made twelve.

Now I thinke it is fit, and most requisit,
to drinke a health to our wives,
The which being done, wee'le pay and be gone,
strong drinke all our wits now deprives:
Then Hostesse lets know, the summe that we owe,
twelve-pence there is for certaine,
Then fill t'other pot, and here's money for't
for he that made twelve, made thirteene.

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